The sea-birds cry with boding call across the Shining sand,
And on the cape the lighthouse tall a sentinel
doth stand,
And fleroe and high the north-wind roars
down from the forests drear,
And bears far on the distant shores the leaves
made brown and sere.

Acress the wide Pacific's waves she sailed to far Cathay.

Below her course the coral caves stretched for long leagues away;

She heard the tiger growl his love on distant

Now with her weather-braces taut, and royals snugly furied.
She comes with orient fragrance fraught up from the under-world:
The sunrays on her canvas gleam, the seas before her part,
She sees the light of welcome stream from out her waiting mart.

The cold wind shouts, and in the North a black line rises slow.

The trumpets of the storm blaze forth, and high the white-caps grow.

And down the gray and cloudy West the red sun lingering fal s.

While weirdly o'er the ocean's breast loud ring the sea-guils' calls.

Below the dark slope of the hills the sunlight slowly fades.

And sad the sobbing tone that fills night's deep and sombre shades;

The stars pale from the cloudy sky, the storm-roar weights the gloom,

The cyclone notes are wild and high, and sing a song of doom.

To-morrow brings the Christmas tide, the welcome and the cheer
That in each loving home doth bide, grown dearer every year;
The hearth-fire now is bright and warm, and glad with crackling song.
While out at sea the windy storm grows jubilant and strong.

No voice can pierce the sullen roar that fills, the foaming reach,
Where stern waves hurl their loy store along the sodden beach;
The helmsman watches for the star that from the beetling steep
Should show the harbor's frothing bar, and light the pathless deep.

Two points away he heads the ship, straight for the reef he steers.
The fierce waves by the dark sides slip, the wind is loud with cheers:
Death waits smid the yeasty wrath that lies the reefs along.
His hony fingers point the path where dangers thickest throng.

But love has seen the gloomy tower and love, is death's strong fee;
And where the shadows deepest lower, and winds the loudest blow,
With brave heart speeds a winsome maid, she gains the lighthouse stair,
And soon, amid the windy shade, out-shines a golden glare.

The weary belinsman sees the sign, her own betrothed is he;
He flings aside the stinging brine, and bears the heim a-lee.
And clearing through the driving foam the ship obeys her wheel, while on the reef the breakers comb ten fathoms from her keel.

Rinr loud, O. Christmas bells, ring loud! the morning splendor wakes, And through the rifted mass of cloud the amber glory breaks: The sunlight ripples through the town, the sea-birds wing their way Where, with sails furled, and anchor down, a ship rides in the bay.

Oh, love is stronger far than death, the souls of men are his; Gloom fades before his fragrant breath, grief dies beneath his kiss; Who dares for him will deeply drain the wine within his wells.

The maiden's heart has lost its pain, ring loud, O Christmas bells!

—Thomas F. Collier, in Youth's Companion.

HER FIRST "HELLO!"

What Came of Bessie's Telephone

AT ONE END OF THE LINE. No one looking down the long, brilliant street, could have doubted that it would be Christmas to-morrow. It was not alone that in all the shop-windows were displayed their gayest wares; not that, here and there, before some great plate-glass front, the eager crowd some elaborate decoration appropriate to the holiday season; nor yet the wagons piled with evergreens, redolent of the were creaking up and down, driven by comfortably tippeted and mittened countrymen. But on the faces of all the people, there was the happy haste and indefinable expectation which be-longs to Christmas-time alone, of all the year. The frosty air itself seemed ezy with secrets. If only every might feel sure of hearing them centering from all points, as if in the focus of

works of parcels of all shapes and sizes. ing hands to spare for the straps jostled each other unmercifully in the attempt to keep their uncertain footing, yet what would have sometimes provoked an angry frown, caused only a smile or good-natured ejaculation. The world seemed too full of Christmas peace and good will to admit even the trying blades of impatience or discontent. lades of impatience or discontent.

So much for the day outside, but in the private office of "Eliot Dinsdale, Wholesale Toys," it was quite different. The room, finished and furnished all in dark woods, was growing dim already, for high walls early shut out the light of the waning afternoon, and the gas was not yet lighted. There was nowhere any suggestion of comfortable indulgence—much less of holiday festivity. Even the great rows of books stee I shoulder to shoulder, like soldiers under drill. The proprietor sat upright in h's straight-backed chair, with elbows thrown slightly backward and fingers locked across his breast—a man apparently of forty, or thereabouts, with a head finely molded and features meant to have been mobile and kindly, but which seemed, somehow, to have stiffened with long repression. "A hard man." he was called—bearing no reself-contained, intolerant of human weakness, unsympathetic with social or

has neither chick nor child in the

Could it be possible that some ques tion like this was passing through his own mind, as he sat untouched by a ray of the light and cheer without? He of the light and cheer without? had regun to write a letter, but had stopped, strangely enough, midway of the date, "December 24." Could it be that some tender reminiscence of other Christmas eves had stayed his hand? The old home, the father and mother asleep on the snow-covered hillside, the

alive or dead—was it some memory of these which held him still and silent in his darkening room? Eliot Dinsdale was of too discerning

mind to be self-deceived. If he felt himself aloof from the happy commerce of the season of good-will and cheer, he knew that it was because he had willed it so,—if other hearts were closed to him, he, himself, had shut the doors of his own,-if he were unstirred by the generous impulse of the time, he could remember when he had driven from him he angel who would fain have thrilled the waters of his soul with the Divine trouble of healing. But, whatever his musings may have been, there broke, suddenly in upon him, the ring of the telephone call at his elbow, familiar, yet strange, with an odd hesitancy in the savener. the sound, the cadences of a timid or unpracticed hand, quite different from its usual sharp, peremptory summons. Turning quickly, he raised the receiver

AT THE OTHER.

Startled from her sleep by some un-asual sound, the child sat upright amid the blankets which had been carefully wrapped around her. A mass of fluffy, yellow curls fell about her warm, rosy cheeks, and her great violet eyes peered anxiously into the dimness of the bare ttle room, of which her own childish beauty was the only adornment. Her red lips parted:

There was no answer, and freeing herself from the encumbering wrappings, she clambered down over the bedside. Her pretty mouth was quivering, but she would not let herself cry

dragged a heavy chair across the floor, and climbing upon it, pulled down from some hooks upon the wall a worn shawl and a little scarlet hood. She put on the hood awry over her curls, fumbling patiently at the strings with her small

ingers.
"I'm 'fraid it's m a hard knot," she "I'm 'fraid it's in a hard knot," she murmured, dolefully, at last proceeding to wind the large shawl around her in fantastic fashion, arranging it with infinite pains, and holding it fast about her shoulders. Opening the door she went out into the passage, where at the head of a long, narrow stairway, another child was standing, who stared at her in stolid silence.

her in stolid silence.

"Biddy Malooney, I'm just goin' round the corner to the bakery to meet my mamma," explained the small lady, with dignity, as she began the perilous More than one passer by looked for

an instant at the curious little figure emerging from the street-entrance of the tall tenement-house, and trailing the fringed ends of the heavy shawl be-hind her over the frosty pavement. But hind her over the frosty pavement. But no one paused to question her as she hurried on, looking about at first eagerly and hopefully, but with a growing air of perplexity and trouble as she came into the broad, unfamilar streets. At every corner she paused, looking vainly up and down. Her little bare hands were chilled, the people jostled her, and a careless foot set upon her ought train, tore away the fringes. Her quaint train. tore away the fringes. Her lips were trembling again, and tears strained at her eye-lids. Suddenly her attention was attracted by a pair of glass doors through which a cheerful light was streaming. She climbed the broad flight of steps leading up to them. and vainly tried the heavy latch. Some-body inside turned the knob, and started in surprise at the odd, little personage who entered. With the swift ineyes read the kindly features, and a brave, trustful smile lighted up the lit-

"Do you know where the bakery is. that my mamma's gone to? 'Cause I can't find her!" The bookkeeper sat down and drew the child upon his knee. He had one of

his own at home. "Who is your mamma, my dear?" "Why, mamma's just mamma! And I'm Bessie." In a lower tone: "Papa's gone to Heaven!"

"Do you know where you live?" "'Way up-stairs, 'cause we've moved. It isn't a nice place"-confidentially-'but don't tell mamma, 'cause it make her cry. And Biddy Malooney's mam-ma don't wash her face!"

The young man laughed, but the mirthful sound ended in a low, per-"I shall be off duty soon," he said to

himself, "then I will take her around to the police station." He drew a chair in front of the radiator and set the little girl tenderly "I'll help you find your mamma," he said, "but you'll have to wait a little." down.

"Will you, really and truly?"

"Really and truly!"
"Well, then, I'll wait!" She settled herself demurely upon the cushion and began an interested scrutiny of her novel surroundings. Evidently the maxim "Never interrupt" had not been impressed upon her child-ish mind, for she began a running fire of questions which sadly interfered with the addition of a long column of figures. apon which her companion had resumed his work.

The telephone suddenly became an object of wonder, and she clambered from her perch for a nearer inspection. "What's that?"

"A telephone."
"What do you do with it?" "I talk into it."

"Who is it that you talk to?" "Somebody up stairs."
"Show me how you do it."
"Well, see here then. I turn this handle—so—and that rings a little bell. Then I take this thing in my hand—so and hold it close to my ear while

am talking. Do you understand?"

"I-guess so. And does the some body up stairs hear you?" "Please talk into it now." "Oh, I can't now. There's nothing

o say."
"What did you say when you talked

into it the last time? "I said-let me think. I said: 'Shall we send the hundred wax dolls and the ase of Noah's arks that Green & Co.

The child's eyes glowed like stars.
"A hundred dollies!" she cried. "Has the somebody upstairs got a hundred "More than a hundred-a thousand.

"Really and truly?"
"Yes." She came closer, pulling at the sleeve of her new friend. "Is it Santa Claus upstairs?" she

asked, in an awed whisper.

The young man laughed—a ringing laugh. "A good joke!" he said, as if to himself. "Santa Claus, indeed!

The child drew back, offende l. "Nobody but Santa Claus could have a thousand dollies," she said in a hurt

He stooped penitently and kissed her cheek. "I wasn't laughing at you, Pussie. It must be Santa Claus." The little girl said no more. Some weighty question was revolving in her small conscience. The young man roaming unrestrained through the touched the porter's call-bell once and woods, has also had the effect of greatly again, without response, and growing impatient, stepped into another room, leaving the child alone. Her eyes were

marrying against his will, he had cru-elly and willfully estrayed himself so long, that he knew not now if she were Her breath fluttered, her cheeks grew writing stool, as if drawn by a spell.
Her breath fluttered, her cheeks grew
scarlet. She laid her finger on the tiny
knob, she turned it, starting and trembling at the unfamiliar signal, then, growing more bold, she unbooked the receiver and hid her small, pink ear in

> BOTH ENDS MEET. "Hello! Who is it?" in a deep

bass voice, came thrilling along the "O, Mr. Santa Claus!" tremulously "It's only Bessie! The man's gone— just a minute! He laughed at me—but I do want a dolly so! Mine's all broke to pieces! I asked mamma, but she oried, and said she didn't think Santa Claus knew where we lived this Christnas. Please, Mr. Santa Claus, if you've got a thousand dollies, w on't you give me just one?"

There was a sound of returning steps, and the frightened child almost fell from the stool in her haste. Flushed and panting, she regained her chair just as a sharp ring at the telephone summoned the entering bookkeeper.
"Who called me just now?" came the roice of his chief.

"Nobody, sir!" "Nonody, sir:
"Nonsense!" The wire seemed fairly
to snap with indignant denial. "There
was somebody, I tell you!—a child!"
The young man glanced at his small
visitor almost in terror.
"There is a little girl here, sir—a lost

child," he stammered, "but I didn't know—I was out for a moment, sir!" "I think you were! Hold! I'll come

herself from the encumbering wrappings, she clambered down over the bedside. Her pretty mouth was quivering, but she would not let herself cry aloud.

"I fink my mamma's gone to the bakery," she said with a little sob in her voice. There was no window out of which to look, for the little light in the place entered through a few panes let into the dingy ceiling. The child dragged a heavy chair across the floor, and climbing upon it, pulled down from some hooks upon the wall a worn shawl

"The child's lost, sir, and just wan-dered in here," explained the book-keeper. "I'm going to take her around to the station. I went out to call the

patrol and ——"
"Yes, yes, I understand! Never mind
that! Who are you, little one?" he asked in a strange, softened voice.
"I'm Bessie, and I want my mam

"Bessie what? Can't you tell the rest?" "Why, Bessie Eliot Gray!" answered the child, wearily. "He said he'd find my mamma, and I am so tired!" The bookkeeper rubbed his hand

across his eyes in amazement. Was he asleep or waking? Could it be his stern. reticent employer, who had bent to his knee upon the floor before the little vagrant from the street!
"He is busy. Would you go with me to find her?"

What a swelling flood of tender, re morseful memories rolled over Eliot Dinsdale's soul, while the childish eyes slowly and gravely searched his plead-ing face! He almost held his breath. In some dim, unreasoning fashion, it seemed to him that his very destiny hung upon her verdict. If that pure, young soul surrendered itself to him in trustful confidence, he would accept the omen that a new day of good will and omen that a new day of good will and peace might arise upon his selfish, bitter past. The blue eyes paused at last, looking straight into his own, holding, compelling his gaze by the power of their innocence. A light like sudden sunshine glorified her face, her lips parted in a smile that showed her tiny teath in a heavitching row and with teeth in a bewitching row, and with a swift, wordless impulse she threw both her soft arms around his neck.

ently. Then to the child:

asked, as he lifted the child to his knee. per. Ah, the cry of delight that woke the sleeping, silvery echoes, when the last was reached and the wonderful, blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, waxen beauty

was laid in Bessie's arms! "Then you were Santa Claus!" she cried, when she could find her breath. "But you aren't old or funny. Where's your fur coat and the reindeers, and why don't you come down the chim-

"I was struck all of a heap," said the book-keeper, that evening, rehearsing the story to an eager audience at home handy as a woman, and wrapped her up and carried her out in his arms, dolly and all. But, when he was fairly outside the door, what did he do but turn back and call to me: 'A merry Christmas, Mr. Holliwell! Buy some

A slender, pale body, dressed in thread-bare black, was conversing with the official, in tones distraught with anxiety, as Eliot Dinsdale, with his little charge, walked into the nearest police station.

"Mamma! my mamma!"

The mother looked up—a startled wonder grew in dilated eyes—a wave of color surged over her face and left it pale

"My brother Eliot!" He rather saw than heard the whisper that parted her "It is I, Mary!" He bent his head, speaking too low for other curious ears

diagnosis, disclosing symptoms of disease before they are otherwise percepti-

-The marriage laws of Pennsylvania, framed to prevent hasty marriages, have been in operation a year. They have had one certain result, they have increased the revenues of the Jersey parsons who live near the Pennsylvania his summer vacation and made some \$300 in fees. Another has cards, giv-ing his residence and minute directions now to get there, distributed on all the ferryboats plying between Philadelphia and Camden. - Philadelphia Call.

-The fence law of Georgia, which increasing the number of skunks in the State. Hogs are particularly fond of young skunks, and devoured many of Secretary of Foreign Relations opposing rivited upon the mysterious instrument. them when the woods were open to the proposed international copyright "I wonder if I could!" stock.—Allanta Constitution.

could not get along for a single season without these two reyal orders of plants, and it may be also true that his success would not be at its height if he neglected to grow the two representatives here

young plants produced by scattering seeds of the grass and clover upon moist blotting paper, and covering them with more blotting paper. A flask was so arranged that it furnished a con-

consisting of cells or little sacs packed together, making a covering. The root grows in length at a point, or in a layer just under this cap. The cap is worn off upon the outside, by contact with the sharp particles of soil, and this loss is made good by new cells formed upon the inner side. The timothy roots do not produce many rootshairs for a confurnish any nourishment for the young plant. They often twisted upon each other, and formed complex knots. The exfoliated cells and accompanying slime from the tip of the root-caps, were eagerly sought by these hairs whenever they came within their reach. crooked hairs seemed to vie with each other seeking out anything they could absorb. The timothy hairs exhibited no such determination. They were well-behaved, while the clover-root hairs showed themselves as willing to take

grown.-N. Y. Herald. tip of a timothy leaf, and exhibited all nip seed raised on a small plat. The They bent out of their regular course as far as possible to get their tips in contact with the timothy. The clover hairs frequently behaved toward the hairs of the timothy roots as the threads sidiary to these crops, but it has proved so profitable that many farmers have

ANNOYING BRUTES. Other Vicious Tricks in Horses. now for the first time in market, having special features in the novelty goods cut plush str pes alternate with stripes binations, and the plain falric to match is usually to be found, although much less attention is given this season to matching such fancy fabrics with neither of which can be broken.

apt to break an ordinary halter. ings are brought out this season with Bengaline grounds and silk tufting or frise, the lower cost of the wool making the animal may eventually be held by the smallest-sized halter strap, or even with a piece of twine.

In buying an animal, one of the first things to be looked to, after unsoundness, is that of halter-pulling. The animal should also be examined for other vices. Kicking, biting, balking, running away, backing, rearing, shying and slipping the halter are the most dangerous. Disabilities should also be leaked after. These are are highling. looked after. These are crib-biting, overreaching, interfering or cutting, rolling in the stall, stumbling, rearing in the stable and pawing. Unless the guarantee be from a responsible man—and this should include age, soundness, vices and minor disabilities—the prospective in the stable of pective buyer must so satisfy himself personally.

The time to prevent halter-pulling is

when the colt is first haltered. The

embroidery effects are also seen, the halter should not only be so strong that it can not under any possibility be broken, but it must pain the colt when mere, or India shawl effect, that makes The use of these is increasing faste. than the knowledge of how to use them, or how to make a profit out of them. Nearly every reading farmer now has some ideas about nitrogen, phosphorie acid and potash as necessary plant foods. But farmers have much to learn about the source whence they come, their cost, the cost of their manufacture, and the possibilities of getting them more cheaply and using them separately or together in the most economical way. That they are good we know, but how to get the most good at the least cost is not yet sufficiently known.—Rura! New -The editors and publishers of Mex-The better plan, however, is to buy only sound horses and free from vice.

Thicago Tribune.

France revels in a diminutive gun-beat, which has been flying experiment-ally near Toulon, outting through the water at the rate of nineteen knots, with a gun out of all proportion in size. The inventor's proud boast is that the boat is too small for big ships to tackle, while its cannon is big enough to smash things.

E. A. CLARK, U. S Architect, certifies to the efficacy of Red Star Cough Cure.

THE man that ought to suit you well-

"Petroleum, Its Source and Production."

This title indicates to some extent the character and scope of the new Holiday Annual for 1887, by "A Man," which is now in press and will be ready, on or about the 20th inst., for delivery by the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway. It is to all intents and purposes a GIFT to the friends and patrons of that road. The subject is ably handled, and discussed in a clear, colloquial vein that will captivate adults and youth alike, although especially "dedicated to the Boys and Girls of America." It embodies a vast amount of scientific and practical information, is profusely illustrated with diagrams, sketches and full page engravings from original drawings true to fact and nature—with beautiful and striking design on outside cover, printed in colors. It is a book that will challenge wide attention and comment—something choice, elegant and valuable, that will PAY to read, study, discuss and preserve—and the Company have spared no expense to produce it in FIRST CLASS style. Enclose 10 cents in postage stamps and address E. A. Holbrook, Gen. Ticket & Pass. Agt. C. R. L. & P. Ry. Chicago, Ill.

The vital question: "What is a sausage?"

The vital question: "What is a sausage!" is being discussed before a Nebraska court. It is believed the jury will disagree.—Nor-

The Duty of State Legislatures. Legislation should be effected in every State regulating the sale and use of the many poisons resorted to by women in their desperation to obtain beautiful complexions, while there exists in Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic every requisite necessary to accomplish the chief without injuring the iron Tonic every requisite necessary to complish the object without injuring health or endangering life.

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able to that made in the new style? cause it can't be beet.—The Whip. CHECK Colds and Bronchitis with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

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A LAWN party is pleasant enough until it

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EATON, 1 : : OHIO.

Far out it meets a ship that sails from distant tropic seas;
Her masts have braved the stormiest gales, and wooed the softest breeze.

Around the bleakness of Cape Horn her outward way she bore.

And met the radiant light of morn on California's shore.

And swift before the tempest drove, where swirled Antarctic snow.

The brave ship breasts the sturdy blast, and nears the echoing cape:
Flerce breakers on the reef are cast, deep gioom the low rocks drape.
Why shines no beacon from the height, where, like a giant ghost.
The lighthouse through the sobbing night frowns on the dreary coast?

Message.

ostling each other for a closer view of alsamy breath of the spruce or pine,

a great whispering-gallery.

"Ding! ding!" went the car-bells—
somebody was getting on or off at every
crossing. Opposite passengers could scarcely see each other over the breastwho were forced to stand, having hands to spare for the straps jostled

pach, indeed, of treachery or dis-nor in business relations—but cold,

domestic joys.

"Why does he go on making money?"
people asked, sometimes. "What good is it to him, or any body else? And he

young, the only sister, from whom,

CLOVER AND TIMOTHY.

rmer Take Advantage of the Latter. During the past year the writer has ocen making some observations upon the roots of the red clover and the common timothy. These two plants are the types of their respective groups. The clover (Trifolium pratense) is the preferred forage plant of the great pulse family, to which the pea, bean, lucern and thousands of other plants belong. The timothy (Phleum pratense), on the other hand, is the standard meadow grass, and is a member of the great grass family which includes the cereals among its best members. The farmer

From first to last, the clover is very different from the timothy. In struc-ture there is no similarity, until the mi-croscopic elements are considered, and here, of course, all plants are much alike. In leaf, stem and flower there is very little in common. The observa-tions the present season have been upon the roots, and here there is a wide difference found. Passing by the process of germination, which has its charac-teristic method in the seeds of each plant, the roots themselves widely dif-fer. The observations were made upon

was so arranged that it furnished a constant supply of water.

The timothy roots are small—that is, long and slender. The cap or covering at the tip is thin, and does not cast off many cells. A word of explanation is here needed on root caps in general. Every well-developed root has its tip or free-growing and protected by a constant. free-growing end, protected by a cap, consisting of cells or little sacs packed not produce many root-hairs for a considerable distance from the tip of the root. The root is therefore smooth, and might be likened to a common pin. On the other hand, the clover root has a thick, well developed cap, and from its outer surface many cells are exfo-liated. The reader must bear in mind that the roots under investigation were grown free from soil, and doubtless the ips are somewhat different from those that are produced in the soil. The root-hairs begin to develop from the surface of the root in large numbers, only a short distance back of the tip. These hairs are of a different shape from those of the t mothy, be ng often much twisted and frequent y club shaped; while those in the grass are slender, of the same diameter through out, and usually straight. The most in teresting point in connection with these hairs, was the fact that they quickly twisted around any substance that would

any means to get on in the world. These hairs in one case attacked the

of a parasite upon its host.—Prof. B. D. Halsled, in Country Gentleman.

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The suitings of silk-and-wool grow

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advances. Some of the choicest of these

novelties have been kept back, and are

heretofore been seen only by samples.

Silk frize or Bengaline is one of the

and is seen with loops that are some-

times not less than an inch long. Fine

of plain Bengaline, to be used for com-

While it has all of the beauty and

general fine effect of an all-silk material.

t must not be forgotten that Bengaline

perceptible save to an expert. They are

and more pliable than silk, and they

jority of the more elegant novelty suit-

it possible to produce a superb fabric with all of the luster and elegance of an

all-silk material, at a small proportion

of its cost. The new velvet-striped

Bengalines are now coming into genera

use for time costumes. Skirts are made

of the striped goods, while the plain Bengaline is used for the remainder of

Some very desirable beaded frise

goods have beads set in little furrows be-

tween rows of frise, or outlining blocks,

figures and floral patterns. There are some bead tassels alternating with frise

loops, and many fabrics that show only

a small amount of frise, the rest of the

surface being covered with beads woven

in various patterns. Ridges and cords

of bourette threads in silk or wool go ds

are popular, and silk braids are wrought

upon the surface with fine floss silk

knotted embroidery. Raised figures in

silks used being in red, green and gar-net mixed, producing a charming Cash-

these fabrics particularly desirable as

combination materials. - Demorest's

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their real value when manufactured.

ico have addressed a memorial to the

treaty between Mexico and Spain

drape with much finer effect. The ma

plain goods.

the costume.

"Thank God!" he murmured rever-"Let me get my coat and hat, then, and we will go."
In five minutes, he was ready for the

street. In his hand was a great box.
"Shall we look inside first?" h He cut the strings, unwrapping with deft fingers fold after fold of silken pa-

-"for he tied on her little hood as

thing for the baby's stocking!' And, as I'm alive, he tossed me this gold is silk in the warp only. The same is the case with Sicilienne, the difference in these two materials being scarcely especially useful for long draperies. as the wool filling makes them much softer

The lady turned, and with an inarticulate cry snatched the child to her

"Mamma! mamma! don't! You'll break my dolly! And here is Mr. Santa

'The child trusted me! Can you forgive-for her sake -on Christmas Eve? -Mary A. P. Stansberry, in Interior.

The Camera in Medicine. It is now suggested that photography may become a useful agent in medical ble. In a recent negative of a child the face was shown as thickly covered with an eruption, no trace of which could be seen on the child until three days afterward, when its skin became covered with spots due to prickly heat. In an-other recorded case, invisible spots were brought out on a photograph taken a fortnight before an attack of small-pox.

-Arkansaw Traveler. ne. One parson stayed home during

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE. —A delicate, clear jelly is made from the juice of frozen apples and two-thirds the quantity of white sugar. Boil until it jellies, then pour into glasses.—The Caterer.

-If a farmer pays \$250 for a twine binder in spring, and cuts \$160 worth of wheat with it in summer, how long will the binder have to stand out in the weather to get a mortgage on the farm? -The Vindicator. -Vanilla Jumbles: Two cups sugar,

one cup butter, two eggs, one-half cup milk, one quart flour, four teaspoonful yeast powder, sprinkle with sugar after relling out and press lightly with rolling pin, then cut out and lay in pan.—
Good Housekeeping.

—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman tells of butter pressed in a mold so as to look exactly like a large, fine strawberry. One of these berries was put by the side of each plate, and an extra supply stood in the center of the table on a fruit dish.

—In a recent speech in Boston, General Hawley said: "I think that the man who looks into the great broad face and dark brown eyes of a New England ox has better company than he has with some men—some men, of considerable intellect also."—N. Y. Post. -The young of wild species of birds are fed by their parents chiefly on ani-mal tood even when they are seed-eaters when mature. They are thus forced

that the period of their helplessness may be shortened. Poultry men can take a leaf out of nature's book.—N. Y. Times. -Not one farmer in a hundred has enough large and small fruit on his place—not even enough to supply the wants of his one family. But it is safe to say that they who have an abundance appreciate its worth, and are both healthier and happier by its use.—Mon-

-The Massachusetts Ploughman points attention to the fact that many old mares are poor milkers, and, for the colt's sake, every farmer ought to know how to treat his mare so as to increase her flow of milk. The same agencies which will produce a good flow in a cow will also in a mare.

-Carelessness must go out and business sense must come in to make poultry management successful. This is espe-cially true where poultry is made a spe-cialty. Nevertheless fifty to one hun-dred fowls may be kept on every farm with little special care besides providing

good, clean, comfortable quarters.— -Rice bread makes a variety for the breakfast-table. Take one pint of well-boiled rice, half a pint of flour, the yolks of four eggs, two spoonfuls of melter butter, one pint of milk, a little salt and a large spoonful of sugar. Beat all these ingredients till very smooth, and then add the beaten whites of the four eggs. Bake in shallow pans and serve

hot. - Boston Budget. -The best of roots for the horse in winter is the carrot. Enough should be provided to give two or three messes a week, though where they are plenty a still better plan is to feed some every day with oats or other grain, the ration of which may be proportionately dimin-ished. To buy them they are generally as dear as oats, but may be grown for much less cost, a good crop of carrots yielding two hundred to six hundred or eight hundred bushels per acre, according as the small or large varieties are

-The raising of turnip and cabbage seed has proved very profitable, and added materially to the income of the farmers on the east end of Long Island. One farmer near Mattituck is said to have cleared \$1,200 from cabbage seed alone. Another made \$120 from turflowers, cabbages and potatoes, and the raising of seed has heretofore been sub-

gone into it largely .- Troy Times.

The Prevention of Halter-Pulling and There is no more annoying brute than halter-pulling borse. He is also as dangerous as annoying. Once the vice is fairly acquired, the animal is thereafter to be regarded as untrustworthy. It is true, many of the advertised devices will prevent halter-pulling so long as they are employed in the stable, and if the means is used before the animal has become fairly confirmed he may be permanently broken of the habit. Nevertheless, the chief danger from halter-pulling and halter-breaking is in the street. The animal is almost sure to run away, the halter being broken, unless promptly caught. Hence, the only sure means of confining such a horse in the street is by a strap about

his neck to which a rope is attached Any horse when frightened is quite this reason it is a measure of safety that horses left in the streets-especially high strung and timid horses-be fastened with strap and rope until it be found that they are indifferent to the various objects that may come in view. After such time they may be confined with the ordinary balter. Until they be-come thoroughly broken to stand the end of the rope should be passed through the rings of the bit. Then if the bit or bridle breaks, the straps will hold. In the end, if this means is used before the hab t of pulling be omes confirmed

he seeks to pull back. For this a cave-son halter should be used, and the ani-mal will always stand so the halterstrap is loose. In case a horse has sequired the vice of pulling in the stable, and he be valuable enough to pay for the trouble, take a half-inch rope, twelve to fourteen feet long, double it in the center, put the middle of the cord under the animal's tail, cross the rope over the back, carry the ends un-der the neck, and tie them securely in front of and close to the breast. It may be necessary to place a sir-single or tie a rope around the body to hold the rope in place. Put on a strong halter with a strong rope attached. Pass the end of the rope through the iron ring of the manger and thence under the ropes at the breast and tie securely. Then the horse will pull on his tail. This he will find so unpleasant that a tirm attempt will cure him, unless he be an old rogue. Many horses will never pull when any person is present. They can generally be made to do so, however, if given some fright from before. TIRED OUT 8 or Weakness, Lassitade, Lack herry, etc., it HAS NO EQUAL, and so only low medicine that is not injuries a Kariches the Blood, Invigorates thy ystem, Restores Appetite, Aids Digestie It does not blacken or injure the testh, cause her

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